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THE ETERNAL EULOGY

NINA CORDELIA BUCK



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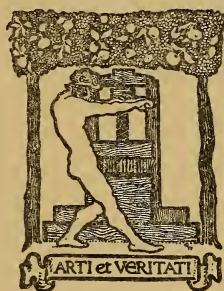
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THE ETERNAL EULOGY

THE ETERNAL EULOGY

BY

NINA CORDELIA BUCK



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

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TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED FATHER
CHARLES FRANCIS BUCK
WHOSE LIFE AND DEATH HAVE BEEN
MY GREATEST INSPIRATION

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THE ETERNAL EULOGY

INSPIRATION

ONCE as I gazed upon the star-laid deep,
And thought of God and longed to have a peep
At Heaven's mysteries, my wondering soul
Grew sad and large with yearning till my whole
Being cried to utter praise. Tears rose;
I thought if only I were one of those
Who in great poesy have nobly sung
The glories of creation! How has rung
My heart since then to find expression meet
For things too deep for thought yet still replete
To stir emotion! Now at last it seems
A flood-gate has been opened, and there teems
Such tide of words to pour adoring laud
I tremble lest I should offend Thee, God.

I WANT TO SING OF GOD

I WANT to sing of God. O soul presumptuous
That dares to choose a theme so far beyond
Its powers! And yet, O Lord, it is my heart
That seeks, as Miriam's did, to humbly bring
Pure laurels to Thy throne. Ah, how would the
Pygmean race of men attain giant strength
Of soul, if using eyes and ears Thou hast given,
They'd reap the holy lessons of Thy Truth!
How lost are these to some, despite the voices
Clear that speak with quiet majesty.

For towering cliffs, the dark abyss of night,
Great ocean's breadth, wild storms, proclaim, O
Lord,
Thy glorious Might; the freshly budding rose,
Sweet babes new-born, and birds that sing on
boughs,
Thy Love; while in the falling rain and drop
Of dew, the lucent trickle of a bubbling
Spring, one reads Thy Purity. And how
Thy Peace and Joy declare themselves in great
Munificence of lovely things: the glow
Of iridescent sunset and the dawn,
Aurora borealis and the arch
That comes and goes in glory after rain!
While now and then a speeding meteor says
To listening men, "Like this thy soul. O come
And follow on thy way toward Home!"

CROSSING THE ALPS

O MIGHTY ranges of majestic peaks,
Clothed angel-like in raiment glistening white,
Or somber garbed in brown of crags whose height
Is spent in distance, how thy grandeur speaks
As naught before! My soul enraptured seeks
To render praise: then pondering sin, how tight
My heart draws cords of yearning for a light
To conquer wrong, with which the great world
reeks.

For in thy far-spread beauty seems a link
Twixt man and Heaven—the mystic symbols
plain

To all who read with open heart and think
On sanctity. Yet oh, the evil stain
Remains, and sordid men still spurn thy brink
Of holiness which, beckoning, gleams in vain!

OLD FATHER TIME

OLD Father Time, what turmoil hast thou known
Upon this ancient earth since first was sown
The human race! Canst thou not clearer teach
Ennobling aims to man whose usual reach
Is blunted and obscure? Or is it still
The wise Creator's wish that thou shouldst fill
Each day, each year, each century with skeins
Of tangled weal abstrusely brought?—The rains
Of storms reveal a purer tinge of all
Dust covered green, e'en though fair roses fall
Throughout their fury: So perhaps dark wrong
Is sent to chasten while it drives a prong
Of pain in suff'ring, bleeding hearts.—Meanwhile,
O Time, as quick thou mark'st thy patient dial
With passing moments of our juggling lives,
Be not like one who with a foe connives,
But help us better free the fettered soul
That baffled struggles through its complex role.

SOLACE

Dost thou hear a moaning?
Ah, it is the groaning
Of souls steeped in burdens
Given them to bear.

Dost thou hear a sighing?
Oh, it is the crying
Of hearts crushed in sorrows,
Lifting up their woe.

Hark! Dost hear a singing?
'T is the heavens ringing,
Sending quick the solace,
Peace and love from God.

A LONELY HEART

A SELF-MADE hermit dwelling all alone
Is scarce more isolate than I, who prone
To love am love denied. Do I atone
Some former callous state, some wrong unknown?
Still I love God.

In loneliness I wander here and there
And grudge sometimes the happiness to spare
Mongst mortals overblessed. Ah, do not dare
To mourn—be thankful for thy spirit's share
To walk with God.

When days are filled with dreariness and pain,
And cruel injustice rends thy heart in twain,
O soul, let not the outward fetters chain:
Rise from the bonds and inward joy gain.
Trust in thy God.

NATURE'S CALL

HAS not thy spirit ever felt the call
To rest beside a gentle forest stream
And let it purl sweet music to thy dream
Of chastened life and end of worldly thrall:
To watch the tinted leaves of autumn fall
Like kisses soft on rippling lips that gleam,
While wistfully thou mournest joys that seem
All tangled in a swarthy, tainted pall?
Oh, if thou canst, thus loiter on the brink
Of lucent waters, babbling tuneful sound,
And let thy darkened mind no longer think
Of human wrongs and selfish aims, earth-bound:
Let forest odors and the music sink
Deep in thine heart—'t is so that God is found.

“THE RICH AND POOR ALIKE BELONG
TO GOD”

THOU aged woman who dost slowly plod
With halting tread this steeply rough ascent—
Thy tired back with heavy burden bent—
Thou sham'st me as I ride: yet there's a clod
Lies pressing, too, upon my heart, though rod
Of Fate appears to touch me light. 'T is meant
That each must bear some trial from Heaven
sent—

“The rich and poor alike belong to God.”
To me, about thee gleams a halo bright:
Like glow-worm, lambent creature of the soil,
In covert gliding almost out of sight,
Which not forgot in brilliant rushing moil
Of greater life, but blessed with its own light,
Shines sanctified spite of its lowly coil.

LOVE LATENT

AND hast thou dared to derogate my love
And call it idle dreaming—

Nothing more—

Because reserve hath given it a seeming

Dearth of warmth,

And Love's deep stir of motion?

O hast thou looked upon the resting sea,

With all its pulses sleeping,

Calmly bright,

And yet not known an unseen power was
creeping—

Strong and fierce—

To burst its height in breakers?

And when sometimes the air is heavily still,

Among the leaves no rustling

Stir of sound,

Dost thou not feel there soon will be a bustling

Current start

Of storm unbound and maddened?

Why then canst thou not understand a heart

That smothers its wild beating—

Hope restrained—

And know that therein lies a latent greeting,

If aroused,

Would spring in joy to meet thee!

SONG OF AUTUMN

BLOW gently, winds, and ease my heart
With the music thou dost make
Mongst crisping leaves that loosened start
And flutter as boughs shake.

And thou, O pure and sparkling stream,
Bear kindly on thy breast
These gifts of Autumn, Spring's spent dream,
Now sent to thee for rest.

The tuneful sounds, the soothing flow
Of ripples satin bright,
Remind me Life like Earth should glow
E'en with a lost delight.

RECOMPENSE

WHY lettest thou thy heart in sadness yearn
For things that might have been, but now are lost?
To all the beauties in the wide world turn,
And know that grief with joy is ever crossed.

Think how the sunshine scatters night's dark shade,
And wak'ning birds their cheery music send;
Behold the dew-kissed roses ere they fade,
And with thy sorrow, soothing sweetness blend.

THE LAMENT

SOFT from the sighing sea
A ceaseless murmur is borne;
Like a white robed choir the billows rise,
And chant as with hearts care-worn.
 Is it for ships that are wrecked—
 Is it for souls that are lost—
The breakers recede from the wave-lapped shore,
Leaving tears there upon the sand.

Low the waving forests
A surging whisper send;
Like arms in distress the branches toss,
And pitying seem to bend.
 Is it for wanderers grown weary—
 Is it for those who despond—
The boughs dip and quiver again and again,
And leaves fall in silent despair.

Loud from high-walled cities
The moan of the sufferer ascends,
And over the earth from cottage to crown
With saddening power it trends.
 Oh, well may the sea shed tears—
 Oh, well may the forests wail—
The winds and the waves only echo the cries
Of hearts cruelly burdened with woe.

The Eternal Eulogy

Hush! from Heaven's star-lit dome
Now floats another voice;
The sea grows calm at its soothing sound
And the elements all rejoice.

It is hope—it is hope for a troubled world—
It is solace for harassed souls—
The shadow of sorrow recedes from the earth,
And a radiant gladness appears.

WORSHIP

SURROUNDED by great ice-bound cliffs I stand
And gaze upon high summits where the sheen
Of evening, ethereal, is seen
Transmuting snow to glory. Near at hand,
Across rough tumbled rocks and bedded sand,
A small rude shrine is lonely built that e'en
Draws pious worshippers, mong peasants mean,
In sight of God's own altars, nobly grand.
Far from me to deride the simple heart
That brings devotion to this uncouth fane:
Yet still must I abhor, and pained, quick start
From ugliness to beauties that contain
Deep lessons of divinity, with part
Of God's true, holy essence rendered plain.

THE FOREST

SWEET was that first enchanting hour
I penetrated deep
A solemn, shadowy forest trail
Where ferns and mosses sleep.

While massed trees soared and thickets lay
Widespread in worship meek,
I quiet between in reverence stood
And let my whole heart speak.

The surging rustle of the leaves
Came as a soft reply,
Sublimely whispering holy thoughts
Responsive to my sigh.

Ah, then it seemed I was a soul
Of extinct primal race,
Breathing freedom, peace and love
Direct from Heaven's grace!

A FOREST STREAM

How beautiful thou art, O winding stream,
That glidest through this forest like a dream
Of Nature, who hath laid no barring rock
To spoil thy quiet charm nor rudely mock
Thy peace with sudden agitation. Fair
Thy banks with lily-pads which kindly share
Thy varied strand with beaches of white sand
That gleam in nooks where silken rushes stand.
While dense above, green meshes line thy way
Of shrubs and moss-hung trees, where copious stray
Close twining vines, all which protecting bend
Low o'er thy waters as they onward trend.
At night, when soft the moon from throne on high
Sends over all a lustrous veil, which nigh
A holy spectre seems, that glistening spreads
His benison o'er earth as light he treads,
Thou art sublime, so that one calmly drifts
In contemplation pure which high up-lifts:
Till noise of clamorous insects and dull base
Of croaking frogs arouse, and roughly chase
In earthly issue all the dreamy leaven
That caused the soul to float in joy toward Heaven!

LOST DIVINITY

A NOBLE piece of work indeed is man,
With divers chaste endowments godlike made,
Yet how these super qualities oft fade,
Enveloped in a grappling pall that can
Each good assail and every blessing ban:
In which sweet truth and honor grow decayed,
And hearts intended lofty, pure, and staid
Sink sullied as in clutch of demon clan!
Oh, why does man not move in steady stream
Like stars and flowers that unswerving hold
Their beauty and divinity supreme:
Not let inherent holiness be sold
For earthly lust, an evanescent dream,
Forgetting the divine, immortal mould!

THE NATURAL HEART

TOWARD a theater vestibule aflare
With shimmering, ostentatious light that seemed
To flaunt a triumph over day, there streamed
A gorgeous maze of folk. Above the stair
I stood and marked the silks and jewels rare
That clothed this garish host so that it gleamed
Unnatural; while copiously there teemed
From rustlings soft, dull perfumes through the
air.

"O primal Life, entombed in guileful art!"
The pessimist in me deplored with heat;
Then soft, a strain of music made me start
And thrill: the optimist quick rushed to meet
The change: "No, in this sham a natural heart
Burns sentient still—laughs, weeps, with every
beat."

MY GARDEN

My garden is a home of joy supreme,
A part of Eden, lest I falsely dream,
Where one forgets sad crime and all that mars
Earth's quiet beauty—pains and sores and scars
Of souls grown torpid in lethargic coil
Of trifling aims or gyres of weary toil:
All breathes sweet peace and aspiration high,
With Godlike things beneath a Godgiven sky.

For here are trees of noble height and grace,
And flowering shrubs enclosing paths that trace
Their way to bowers fresh, or rocky nooks
Made cool by trickling springs and wand'ring
 brooks.

Besides are spaces, softly smooth and green,
Where Heaven's blue, unblemished and serene,
Is stretched to view, unfurling calm and rest
To battling hearts, with grief or wrong oppressed.

In day-time when o'er all the sunshine plays
And sifts each tree and vine to seek free ways
Of flecking cloistered turf, sequestered pools
Or paths betwixt entangled void of rules,

The Eternal Eulogy

I go with books to study and to think
There all alone, and deep in pleasure sink;
While birds with friendly twitter flutter round,
And rustling leaves lisp soft and soothing sound.

But in the twilight I love most to rove
The open spaces, there to look above
The bronzing trees toward sunset's lambent gold;
To watch the silvery moon of crescent mould
Slip slowly down the shimmering western wall;
Then greet each starry gleam that seems to fall
In place like soldiers from a camp on high,
Guarding more and more the darkening sky.
Ah, then toward Heaven does my spirit flee—
Or, glorified, do I draw Heaven to me?

ASPIRATION

It was the pensive merging hour
When earth and heaven blend
In veiling mist and lambent hues
The parting sun doth lend.

With slow and halting step I climbed
A rugged valley road,
Then paused to breathe the freshness
Where a purling brooklet flowed.

Afar, between the darkening hills,
A straggling hamlet slept,
While from its breast a soaring spire,
High-reaching, firmly crept.

Undaunted, from its lowly base
Attenuate it strained
Up, up toward the lucent dome—
A touch of glory gained.

Subdued yet thrilled I let my soul
Soar with the slender streak,
And prayed as surely I should rise
To aims I humbly seek.

SUCCESS

O THOU in the abyss of dark despair,
Who griev'st thine heart with thoughts that thou
 hast failed,
And dost thy moans let loose upon the air
Like echoes from a gloomy cavern trailed:
Within the light of tranquil reason ask
If thou hast toiled with patient, steadfast course
To reach the finished purpose of thy task,
Nor shunned a single means thy powers could force.
For then, rejoice—thy failure is success!
Is it a failure for the half blown rose,
Wind-tossed and scarred by ruthless, outward stress,
To lose at last the beauteous goal it chose?
 If thou hast done thy best, then be not sad,
 But hold thine heart victorious and glad!

SPRINGTIME HOPE

THOU dear enchantress of the solemn earth,
Fair budding Spring, that swift transformest
dearth

Of joy to richest bounty! I must laugh
This crystal morn; with thy pure nectar quaff
New life and hope, while happily I stray
Through woodland's tender mesh, or open way
Of meadows softly decked in raiment sweet!
Here every new-born leaf and flower I greet.
For they are filled with this same hope I know,
And thrilling, look upon the wondrous show
Of Nature's art as prophecy replete
Of their fruition: nor will they compete
In envious struggle for ambition's goal,
But quietly attain the finished whole
As God intends it. So then, too, shall I
Still building hope, as they do, pure and high,
Contented move along my given path,
Believing life a Heaven-led issue hath.

MY PRAYER

I do not fear to die: I only pray
That ere I go some deed I shall have wrought
Right worthy of the gifts Thou hast conferred;
That Thou at last shalt graciously bestow
The praise, "Well done," upon Thy servant's
task:

Nor do I care what is the thought of those
Who are so quick to flatter or to scorn.

A MOUNTAIN BROOK

THIS mountain brook is like a life that teems
With action, swift, unwearied, and awake
To stirring need and passions deep that shake
Its restless current free from supine dreams:
With impulse bold and urgent force it streams
O'er massive rocks that vainly try to make
Its crystal waters falter as they take
Their leaping course midst gloom no sun redeems.
Yet with the wisdom of a man who knows
That toil must have its respite to achieve,
And can, with strength renewed, each pause re-
trieve,
At intervals, in limpid pools it slows
Its vigorous haste, and seems to ponder well
Wise counsels all the whispering thickets tell.

SHADES PAST AND FUTURE

WHEN I have roamed within the dusky halls
Of dwellings century-old, or gazed on trees
And vines in shadowy gardens where one sees
Sharp traceries of age on walks and walls,
A subtle charm subdues and then enthralls—
Intangible, obscure, there flits and flees
A spectre throng once resident there: with these
My soul unites, to them my spirit calls.
Yet here, within my new domain widespread,
Fresh filled with beauty for myself and friends,
This dreamy sweet communion with the dead
Gives place to jealous pangs: the future sends
Weird visions of strange men unborn who'll tread
These loved paths: with them my heart contends!

ENJOY NOW

O LIFE, must thou go speeding by
As swiftly as this sunset ray?
It scarce did touch that budding rose
And now has glided far away!

What care those busy flitting bees,
Emblazoned still in flooding light;
They happily, o'er clover beds,
Forget the near approaching night.

And listen, there's a mocking-bird,
Soft warbling on a gleaming bough;
Is it not speaking to my heart,
Enjoy now! Enjoy now!

CHILDREN AT PLAY

WHAT ringing shouts are these that stir the air!
Ah children, ye are monarchs of the earth,
Thy realms o'erbrimmed with freedom and a mirth
That spreads itself for all who wish to share.
Thy laughter draws as Orpheus music fair,
Bestowing precious comfort and new birth
Of pleasure to replace unhappy dearth
In saddened hearts deep holding pain or care.
See how the sun smiles on thy merry play,
Bright twinkling leaves nod from approving trees,
Enlivened sparrows hop with aspect gay,
And butterflies flit blithely on the breeze;
While o'er me soft there steals a gladsome ray
As part of thy sweet youth and joy I seize!

DAWN

A PITY 't is to lie asleep
At pearly, new-made morn,
And miss the dewy beauties born
When from Night's shade they creep.

There's inspiration in each blade
Of grass or leaflet bright,
While in the spreading, hallowed light,
Ignoble passions fade.

Exalted then one feels the breath
Still left by Heaven's kiss,
And reads in Earth's restored bliss
The promises of death.

IMMORTALITY

WHAT matters that the hearts of men
Are racked with torturing care?
Sometime, somewhere, a greater life
Is coming pure and fair.

For immortality we strive,
Not present's meager hold;
The soul must struggle as it seeks
The empyrean gold.

THE LADDER OF YEARS

I'm climbing the ladder of years,
With each ascending round,
Spite of burning tears,
I've joy found.

Joy in doing right,
Joy in spreading love:
Ah, soon I'll see the light
That gleams above.

I'm climbing the ladder of years.
Soon I'll reach the top,
Leaving sorrow and fears,
Before I stop.

On I'm glad to plod,
Searching better things;
On to Thee, O God,
Who glory brings.

NIGHT

A MOONBEAM spreads its silver o'er my bed
And lures me to the casement where I stand
To reverence thee, O Night sublime! How
grand

Thou art in thy grave splendor, yet dost shed
Such mystic peace I almost hear the tread
Of angels passing on thy shadowy strand
While guarding mortals. Oh, to understand
The messages thou sendest from the dead!
For things substantial thou hast hidden in tints
So somber scarce a definite outline shows:
Thy mantle dim is pregnant with frail hints
Of those I've lost: my longing spirit flows
To theirs, as soft thy spectral moonlight glints,
And whisperingly a gentle zephyr blows.

TO MY FATHER

MY Father, I am proud that I did spring
From one whose great nobility of soul
Exalted him above the lowly role
That he seemed heir to. Ah, how Fate did bring
Thee sorrows as a child that often ring
Men's souls beyond redemption. Yet the whole
Of thy young, lonely life stretched toward the goal
Of honor and renown, thou true-born king!
For thy great heart and mind shone out among
Thy fellows. Wealth and fame still found thee
meek:

Like Christ divine, about thee there seemed flung
The cloak of Wisdom and of Love to speak
To all men's hearts. Thy memory has clung
A hallowed thought: thy guidance still I seek.

DEATH

TIME was when I have feared the wondrous
thought
Of death. I shrank that I should go alone
On paths of immortality unknown.
But since thy quiet passing, death has brought
Its glorious truths more plain. The lessons taught
That Christ had died for me and would atone
All sin were too remote. Now thou hast shown
Death lovely: this poor knotted life as naught.
Naught but a longing for a purer strand,
A pushing of the inner self from ties
Material toward a loving, unseen Hand
Stretched ever greeting. As thy fading sighs
Grew less, the Holy Ghost seemed near to stand
In blessing, drawing thee to tranquil skies.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

THIS City of the Dead has come to be
A place of hope and quiet ecstasy
Since thou wert laid to rest. What beauties
 spread
Around this solemn path I lightly tread!
Gazing toward Heaven above the great
Magnolia trees, whose lacquered leaves and late
Remaining blooms of alabaster seem
With holy light and hallowed peace to gleam,
I pierce the shining azure of the skies:
My heart strains into space, and yearning cries,
"O Father, where art thou?" Thou seem'st
 awake
And near. The answer comes as though thou
 spake
From out God's Universe, along His path:
"Here all is well—great joy my spirit hath!"

THE ROSE

FOR days I watched a beauteous rose unfold
Its creamy petals, velvet soft, and flushed
As if its calyx proudly seemed to hold
The sunset's bloom where it had gently brushed.
Soon I shall pluck this lovely flower, methought,
And lay it as an off'ring fair and pure,
Upon the grave of him whose loss has wrought
A painful void that I must ere endure.
Then came a ragged urchin from the street,
A pallid waif, of sad and anxious mien,
With stealthy tread approached my treasure sweet,
Bent, broke, and snatched—I staring, dumb, unseen.

Reluctantly, I stood with bended head,
While heart pangs eased, and eye restrained a tear;
Should not the living come before the dead?—
'T would be a double wrong to interfere:
Wrong to this needy, craving soul that seeks
In theft the beauty his poor fate denies;
And wrong to him whose spirit surely speaks
And bids me yield the culprit his fair prize.
Go, boy—thy face deep buried in the rose—
May all its perfumed loveliness abide
Long in thine heart: a memory that glows
With holy light, and proves thy Heavenly guide!

IT WAS A WEATHERED COTTAGE

It was a weathered cottage that I passed,
Yet roses climbed resplendent o'er its wall,
And stately trees grew close, so proud and tall,
It seemed as 't were a rugged gem held fast
By things that knew its worth and, loving, cast
Their affluent beauty, quite unmindful all
Of lowly state, or penury's sad pall,
Or sorrow keener than a wintry blast.
'T is thus impartial Nature points the way
To those enriched by fickle Fortune's nod;
"O share thy store with all," she seems to say,
"Nor spurn the poor who humbly toil and plod.
All life is one though Fate divides the clay:
All souls the same that truly serve their God."

A STORM

AH, is God angry with the unrighteous world?
How dark it grows, and how great trees do bend
With rushing wind that fiercer grows to rend
Their mighty boughs! How frightened leaves are
swirled

About mute lawns, and in wild eddies twirled
To dizziness! A ghostlike mist doth blend
As if avenging angels ruthless send
Their army gainst the earth, in fury hurled!
All night confusion lasts; dire travail shakes
Till trees and dwellings fall, e'en life is lost:
Then comes a wondrous peace! Sad earth awakes
To find an azure sky above its tossed
And fearful face! Subdued with awe, it takes
A thankful breath, scarce knowing what has crossed.

TODAY THE WORLD'S A FAIRYLAND

TODAY the world's a fairyland so fair
I joy to live and breathe its diamond air
So filled with balmy sweets. High emerald trees,
Scintillant in a gently stirring breeze,
Lean light against the turquoise sky, and blooms
Of blossoming myrtle sweep their ruby plumes
Below in witching splendor. The vista grows
More lovely as I walk: the whole earth glows.
Soon, charmed, I settle by a shimmering lake,
And deep the dear enchantments raptured take
Into my heart. The water's satin sheet
Gleams quiet, and far within its cup there meet
All hues and forms that are above, yet more
Entrancing. As I dream upon the shore
My soul expands in wonder at the powers
Of Him who, like a Great Magician, showers
Such plenitude of beauty: then it burns
With highest praise, and hope that glowing turns
To picture death, assured it e'en must be
More filled with loveliness than all I see!

THE TRUE CHURCH

I LOVE the Gothic temples spired high,
Italian fanes of marble richly wrought,
Epitomes of man's religious thought
And veneration mounting toward the sky.
Fleeting generations rise and die,
Yet still these stand sublime, as if they've caught
Stability and grace from Heaven, and taught,
Dumb messengers divine, that God is nigh!
But instinct warns God's true church is the heart,
From whose quiet altars, hidden in vesture plain,
Each sigh of adoration, or the smart
Of patient pain, or of repentant stain
Of sin, is wafted straight to Heaven—a part
Of fervent Hope's continuous refrain.

ON DECK AT NIGHT

ILLIMITABLE stretch of heaving sea,
Empurpled in Cimmerian dark of night,
Thou seemst within thy solemn, mystic might
To hold the secret of infinity;
While in the velvet dome that covers thee,
Ablaze with myriad, trembling lamps alight—
Fixed beacons of the Lord to paths of right—
I read the legend of eternity.
Eternity! The comprehension fails
At thought of thee! The yearning spirit wars
With mundane snares: all world ambition pales.
Great Universe—God's Home, and ours!—
 Though bars
Of error cramp my soul, Truth's goal it trails
Enrapt, among the everlasting stars.

NIAGARA

STUPENDOUS mass of seething emerald fair,
That loses half itself in wraithlike pall,
With what majestic splendor dost thou fall
From thy great height and breadth! The trem-
bling air
Reverberates with thundering sound, for there
Are myriad voices in thy waters, all
Roaring loud an endless, ponderous call
To proud, presumptuous men: "Beware—beware!"
Thou seem'st a part of things divine but lent
To finite earth: Oh, may thy wondrous show
Of airy beauty and of power be spent
In elevating souls toward the glow
Of Truth eternal, God's supreme intent,
Which in good time He'll lead us all to know!

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